

Sunday. My last day up there.
Avoiding crowds hymning their closed
And narrow paths to joy, I set
Out down the beach trail. Some door
I sought that year was bound to open.
The walk edged along the lake,
Crossed the weed-grown dunes. Turned
Away from sand-clogged thickets, and left
Me stranded in a rout of shacks. No one
Left to sweep the night's sure drift
Of sand away from doors, pretend
That even these were somehow meant
For living. At last (I saw) we fool
Ourselves no longer, and getting out
Is all that's left. And nothing leave
But unkept promises. Yet hard
It was to slit that belly-full
Of love for you I'd always had.
Those miserable shacks whined with wind
And windows gaped in familiar dread.
However much I need your flesh,
You deserve, in all your gentleness,
More from love than I can give.
Take this poem. Take, forget, and live.
Whatever you may need, I am not.

-- R. R. Cuscaden

Chicago, Illinois

Three Senryu:

Evaluation

Old men clothed in brown
solemnly measure my worth.
Some hang upside down.